



VOL. II.

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NO. 5.

### Our Leader in Battle.

Long years ago in Heaven's clime,  
There soared angelic forms sublime,  
Arrayed in snowy white, around God's Throne,  
So near the Lord, the Master's very own,  
Each changing words of love  
With their great God above.

Pride some o'ercame and they rebelled,  
By thousands soon their host was swelled.  
But Michael, armed with zeal and pure intent,  
Whatever power that he possessed he lent  
To crush their evil cause,  
Defending God's own laws.

Our valiant hero donned his sword;  
The army captain of the Lord,  
He fought until the out-break he did quell,  
And from celestial realms he did expel  
Unworthy angel bands  
Into infernal lands.

Once shining bright with golden dew,  
Now black! Of hideous, loathsome hue!  
Their own rebellion brought them to disgrace,  
From happiness they fall  
Into a devil's stall!

Those same proud angels daily roam  
To lead you from your Heav'nly home;  
But Michael, victor once in days of yore,  
Is now as powerful fully as before.  
He'll bring you consolation  
In moments of temptation.

And also in your daily strife,  
Make his the motto of your life;  
For he who smote bad angels with his rod  
Was heard to ask them, "Who is like to God?"  
His thoughts so well expressed,  
Are watch-words of the blest.

JAS. B. FITZPATRICK.

## OPEN SESAME.

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Many, many years ago, in a certain town of Persia, a poor man, Ali Baba by name, went to a neighboring forest to cut wood. He soon perceived at some distance, a thick cloud of dust rising in the air, which appeared to be steadily advancing toward him. He watched it attentively and perceived a numerous company of men on horse-back, who were approaching at a quick pace. At once concluding they were robbers, Ali Baba took refuge in the branches of a large tree, which grew close beside a great rock. The company, each of whom had a traveling bag fastened on his saddle, soon reached the spot and dismounted. The robber nearest him, who as he at once decided, was the captain, came with a large bag on his shoulder, close to the rock, beneath the tree in which Ali Baba was concealed, and, after having made his way among the shrubs and bushes growing there, he pronounced the words "Open Sesame", which Ali Baba distinctly heard. No sooner were these words uttered, than a door opened, and, after having made all his men with their treasures pass through, he entered and the portals closed. At length the door was reopened, the brigands came out; Ali Baba heard their captain say, "Shut Sesame," the door closed, and they departed. Ali Baba then came down from the tree, made his way through the bushes and called out "Open Sesame." At these magical words, the door instantly flew open. He then saw before him a large, vaulted chamber, in which was heaped up all sorts of treasures. The further adventures of this fortunate wood-chopper need not be related; for, all of us, who in our child-hood delighted in the Arabian Nights, are familiar with the charming sequel of this highly imaginative bit of fiction.

In this broad world, all treasures are

concealed. Gold is not found in places easily accessible to man-kind, but hidden away in little fissures of the rocks, so that man must delve and dig to obtain it. In the acquisition of all worldly possession, we must exert our best energies. Perchance, we have made a long and weary pilgrimage, in quest of that which would open the wonderful store-house of knowledge. Not unlike the acquisition of all treasures, that of knowledge is a laborious undertaking. Life is too short to waste any portion of it in groping for the pathway of knowledge, if we can secure a guide that will direct us at once thereon. Such a guide is education, that magic charm or key that will open vast treasure-houses at the master's touch. Yes, culture of heart and mind is the "Open Sesame," that will open the secret of truth and admit us into the precinct of wisdom. We have only so much time allowed us to secure this golden key and if, through negligence or indifference, we fail to do so, our opportunity is gone, and gone forever. Let us seek this key and hasten to the portals of the treasure-house of knowledge, grasping the golden knocker, calling aloud, "Open Sesame," for admission, that we might in triumph bear off the treasures, which in endless variety are heaped up in storage for our intellectual ware-houses. But when the golden portals are thrown open in response to our summons, we are confronted by the questions Ruskin has so wisely given us as a test for admission and which each one must decide for himself. "Do you deserve to enter? Pass. Do you ask to become companions of nobles? Make yourself noble and you shall be. Do you long for the conversation of the wise? Learn to understand it and you shall hear it. But on other terms? No. If you cannot rise to us, we cannot stoop to you."



How fortunate he whose life-work has been such that he is deemed worthy to cross the sacred precinct, the passage of which is happiness! Oh, what a landscape then opens on our sight; the world has been transformed and we see it all in a different light; but is it different, or only the same, sweet tune played in a different key? Before we saw out-ward forms; we saw no beauty.

"In vain through every changeful year,

Did nature lead him as before,

A primrose by the river's brim

A yellow primrose was to him,

And it was nothing more."

But now seeing not the flower which grew up to be rooted out like weeds, we see their marvelous texture and beauty. Now the whole realm of nature, that vast store house of God's choicest treasures, is open to us henceforth. And we gather and admire the primrose and daisies, and gaze upon the lilies of the field and gather fruit as the bees, from the leafless hawthorn, ruddy with the stores God has laid up for them. The earth becomes so rich and lovely with its sights and sounds, its mountains, its great blue lakes, its rolling prairies, its picturesque waterfalls, its ocean with its mighty waves beating night and day on the shore. Every spring becomes a new revelation, every summer a fresh chapter of experience, every autumn a fruition of hopes as well as seeds and buds. Every flower becomes a beautiful mystery which may be solved in part, every tree is stored sunshine for the hearth, and shelter for the storm, while it lives, a thing of beauty, of varied use after its life is taken. The clouds above us are not mere reservoirs of water for prosaic use, but their light, shade and exquisite coloring become a reproach to coarse minds. Before, Nature was cold and indifferent, but now she

stops to smile, caress and entertain with exhaustless diversion. It seems pitiful to have dim conceptions of beauty, but to those eyes enlightened by culture of heart no scene is barren, no tree leafless.

"The meanest flower that blows doth give

Thoughts that do often lie too deep

for tears."

Thus the entrance into this charmed circle means culture of heart and of mind. The highest object of culture is the exercise of the powers of the mind, the developing and uplifting of the whole nature which may be accomplished in two ways; in the halls of learning and the conflicts of life. We not only foster natural gifts but bring out faculties which have long waited for the magical effects of refining influence to bring them to light. Our faculties cannot remain dormant, we must either use and improve or lose; so it becomes the knowledge of how to use one's whole self, for it has been said "there is nothing great in the world but man, and there is nothing great in man but mind"—that crowning treasure of God to man.

"Then deeply think, O man! how great

thou art.

Pay thyself homage with a trembling heart;

Enter the sacred temple of thy breast,

And gaze and wonder there a ravished guest;

Gaze on those hidden treasures thou shalt find."

Someone has said, "Some men are like knives with many blades, they know how to open one, and one only; all the rest are buried in the handle, and they are no better than they would have been made with but one blade." Many men use but one or two faculties with which they are endowed. A man is educated who knows how to make a tool of every faculty, how





## MILTON ON THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE.

Milton's poems in general are characterized by seriousness. This seriousness, however, does not inspire gloominess. On the contrary, he well understands how to view nature in her brightest and gayest aspect. To be convinced of this, one needs only read his *L'Allegro*, an exquisite poem which he wrote already at an early age. In this poem he swerves from the path of pensive musing.

At the time when he wrote this work two entirely different ways of human life presented themselves to him; one was the life of a stern Puritan; the other that of a gallant cavalier at court. Then the idea suggested itself to him to write two poems; in one, to contemplate all the pleasures and delights that heart-easing mirth might afford him; in the other, to consider all the joys and pleasures that sweet melancholy could devise. It is the former that this little article treats of.

Milton was fond of solemn contemplation. But in this beautiful nature-lyric the poet shows his versatility of mind and sympathetic feeling. For the time he seems to have let pleasure and delight invade his heart, until in the exuberance of his spirits he bursts forth into the opening lines:

"Hence loathed Melancholy  
Of Cerberus and blackest midnight born."

He spurns gloomy melancholy that spreads "brooding darkness" around and would fain banish it to "Stygian caves," there to dwell alone under "ebon shades and low browed rocks." But he smilingly beckons Euphrosyne the fair goddess of mirth to bring with her jest and youthful jollity, sport and joyous laughter. And mirth comes to him on the "light fantastic toe." Awakened by the trilling notes of the morning lark and the lively

din of the barn yard, they sally forth together early on a beautiful summer morning into blooming fields and green meadows and roam about in wild delight.

"Oft listening how the hounds and horn,  
Cheerily rouse the slumbering morn."

Transported by the mystic lutes and luscious sounds from nature's symphony, they are suddenly recalled by the myriad misty dewdrops turning into as many brilliant diamonds.

"For the great sun begins his state  
Robed in flames and amber light."

Pursuing then their sauntering journey, our poet is further delighted by the sedulous peasants "whistling o'er the furrowed land" and by the blithesome milkmaid giving vent to her joyous emotions, evoked by the sight of nature's fairness. On the hillside are espied the "nibbling flocks" and the sprightly shepherd boy, and ascending the eminence the poet tells us,

"Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures  
While the landscape round it measures;"

And the muse here unfolds a panorama of nature's variegated aspect. Sights sublime, such as

"Mountains on whose barren breast,  
The laboring clouds do often rest,"

and not as yet dispelled by the uprising sun. Rivulets pouring down their crystal waters next direct the poet's eye to behold the beautiful

"Meadows trim, with daisies pied;  
Shallow brooks and rivers wide."

But their never resting and unweary sight discovers also in the distance amid the profuse foliage of trees and bushes scenes of the picturesque.

"Towers and battlements it sees,  
Bosomed high in tufted trees."

Around which is thrown the charm of  
mediæval chivalry as the poet's thoughts  
penetrate the vine-covered towers

"Where perhaps some beauty lies,  
The cynosure of neighboring eyes."

The sun is now past its meridian and  
the savory dinner tables in the neighbor-  
ing hamlets are disencumbered

"Of herbs and other country messes,  
Which the neat handed Phyllis dresses,"

When the loitering two readily follow  
the strains of the "jocund rebecks" invit-  
ing them to the "checkered shade" where

"Young and old come forth to play  
On a sunshine holiday."

Here they enjoy the jolly feasts and in-  
dulge in the merriment and the laugh pro-  
voking jests of the crowd until night.  
Then Mirth leads the way into the city,  
where they taste all the pleasures of social  
life. Regaled by the pleasantries of knight-

errantry in the tournaments where they  
behold

"Such sights as youthful poets dream  
On summer eves by haunted stream."

They proceed anon to the "well trod  
stage" to be entertained by "sweetest  
Shakespeare, Fancy's child" and enraptured  
by the charms of music, the poet exclaims:

"These delights if thou can'st give,  
Mirth, with thee I mean to live."

All these joys, however, appeared to  
Milton as a dream; for the poet never gave  
himself up to the vain pleasures of the  
world, as he thought them fit for idle  
brains.

In Il' Penseroso he manifests that ser-  
ious contemplation was more congenial to  
his mind and shows, therefore, greater  
sympathy with "divinest Melancholy."

This his subsequent career sufficiently  
testifies, for Milton ever remained a staunch  
Puritan.

GERHARD HARTJENS.

## A STORY FROM THE GERMAN.

(BY KARL MAY.)

AFFAD-BEI, THE BEARSLAYER.

### II.

The Steppes—

In the south of Atlas, of Gharian and  
mountains of Dema they lie, extending  
from the district of the Mediterranean to  
the barren Sahara, reaching, from  
the picture of civilization to the sym-  
bol of barbarism and it is of the Steppes  
or rather the Sahara of which the poet says:

Stretched out from sea to sea she lies;

Her produce is but sand.

The toil of man she still defies;

Void like the beggar's hand.

Inducement she doth offer naught;

Her history knows no fame.

The gallant Mars who once there fought

Now lies a sun-bleached frame.

The buffalo's carcass in decay,

In truth, a vestige stands

Of some poor beast that ran astray,

And could not feed on sands.

The traveler she her story tells,

Who boldly would explore,

That in her naught but misery dwells,

Now as in days of yore.



They form a row of high plains and naked hills whose barren heights rise like the doleful lamentations of an unsoothed heart, from a dreary, desolate waste. No tree, no house. At most a lonely, half dilapidated caravansary offers the eye a place to repose. It is in summer only when a paltry tuft of vegetation penetrates the sterile earth, that a few Arabian tribes wander with their herds over this land of desolation, to offer their beasts a scanty pasture. In winter the steppe is entirely forsaken reposing 'neath its silent mantle of snow, which despite the Sahara's proximity sweeps its drifting flakes over the dead solitude. Round about nothing can be seen but sand, stone and rock, varying with gravel and sharp rubble. Wherever a body of water appears one beholds but a pool emitting a horrible scent.

There were once forests here, but they have disappeared. In summer the beds of the creeks and rivers meander from the heights in rocky ravines and even the snow of the winters is not able to conceal the confusion. If, however, the sudden heat, which usually sets in at this time, melts the snow, the mass of water, without further warning, madly rushes down and claims everything as a victim that did not succeed in escaping its ravaging claw. It is then that the Bedouin seizes his ninety-nine globuled rosary, to thank Allah that he vouchsafed to spare him from a watery grave.

The temporary floods and the standing waters of quagmires cause shrubs and thistles to spring forth, which the camel by virtue of his hard lips is capable to gnaw at, but beneath whose protection the lion and panther snore, recovering from their nightly exertions.

As already mentioned, I departed the next morning for Algiers, accompanied by Hassan and Joseph Korndorfer, the Ger-

man. We availed ourselves of the deserted coach till Batua, but here we met with an unexpected delay.

I had not yet quite forgotten the shaking I received on my journey from the Alps to Italy; I remembered well the terrifying "Allegro, allegissimo!" which the coach manager uttered when I bade him drive in a more moderate pace. The old coach drawn by a span of sprightly steeds was tossed about like a skiff on the angry sea; at times it would dash against the sharp edge of a huge rock, thus causing an unpleasant rebuff and again it would threaten destruction to its inmates by coasting the brink of some deep chasm.

But what was all this compared with the desert coach?

It was only a motion of positive degree. The desert-coach consisted of a large wagon drawn by eight horses. The vestige of a road (if ever there was one) was a matter of surmise; our motto was onward, straight forward in defiance of all obstacles, over holes and rocks through narrow passages and down declivities. Ever and anon we were obliged to alight and with no little patience unite our strength with that of the poor horses. Already after the first hour's ride I felt as though I had been put to the rack; my German friend, too, experienced no comfort, as his murmuring evidently betrayed, and Hassan el Kebihir subjected himself with all possible strength to those interesting distractions which usually accompany a sea voyage. The good Arabian of the tribe of Kubabish and Frekahen Nurab had never before rode in a wagon. I could not avoid thinking of his bombastic assertions: "The steppes quake and the sabel trembles when Djazzar-Bei approaches."

(To be continued.)

A. J. SEIMETZ.

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EDITORIAL.

Occupying a conspicuous place on one of the shelves in the Columbian Museum may be seen a relic from the Catacombs of Callisti. It is a marble slab about four inches long and bears the inscription:

“EX. COEM. CALLISTI.”

It is the gift of the Rev. John Bleckmann, of Michigan City, Ind.; who obtained possession of the same while in Europe last summer.

The society also wishes to express its thanks to Mrs. E. P. Hammond, of LaFayette, Ind., for her donations to the C. L. S.

Judging from the references and quotations adduced in many of our Exchanges, Tennyson and Longfellow seem to be claiming a great deal of the attention of those engaged in College Journalism. We are glad to notice this for it will undoubtedly awaken more interest in the works of these two great singers of English verse.

Inspirations must have fallen abundantly, or a tidal wave must have inundated the *Sanctum* of College Publications, for there seems to be a general cry of “too much matter for publication in this issue.” The COLLEGIAN, too, was compelled to pass over several well-written articles for want of space. This, however, is a good omen, and the fact that it is so universal bespeaks much for the literary success of College Monthlies.

Now seems to be the time of a general brushing up, as the common phraseology has it, and the spiritual as well as the temporal is receiving due attention. We are pleased to welcome Father Wiechmann, of Gas City, Ind., as our Retreat Master again this year. His exhortations and sermons formed the theme of conversation for a long time after retreat closed last year, and we feel sure that the triduum of '96 will meet with the same success.

The beginning of the new school term reminds us somewhat of the New Year, since it might be termed an appropriate time for making good resolutions. During the examinations we have certainly noticed where our deficiencies in class work lie, and there, too, has been demonstrated the special benefits of private reviews and repetitions, while the full force of the Latin proverb: “Repetitio est mater Scientiae,” has surely been observed. But now let us institute a kind of *self-examination* and ascertain where we have grown lax as regards self-



discipline and strict adherence to principle. Both should be found in the preface, the body, and the supplement of our college curriculum.

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We take this opportunity to call the attention of our readers to the changes made in the COLLEGIAN at the beginning of the New Year. As you will observe, this number contains twenty pages of reading matter, with its typographical appearance much improved. The type of its Local Department has been reduced to a smaller size, so that in reality this issue is equal to a twenty-four page Journal of the same style print as was formerly used. For the

sake of convenience and in order to bring the Editors into closer communication with the Publishers, the COLLEGIAN will in the future be printed in Rensselaer. Although these improvements will necessitate more labor and entail extra expense, nevertheless we shall consider ourselves amply repaid if the same success that has heretofore greeted us characterize these, our later efforts. It is a pleasure to recall the memories of our gradual growth from a *Journal* of twelve pages to our present thriving condition, and it shall be our earnest endeavor to continue our work for the success of the COLLEGIAN and the acquisition of many new friends.

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### AN INSPIRING PICTURE.

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What can be more elevating than a heaven-born ideal of Christian art? It comes home to us as a glimpse of the supernatural and fills one's soul with ineffable delight.

Such an inspiring subject is, for instance, the picture of the virgin, bride and martyr, St. Caecilia. Among the paintings that embellish the apartments of the college can be seen the latest production from the master brush of Father Paulinus. It is an exquisitely fine picture of our Saint surpassing all former creations of the Rev. artist. The composition is entirely original. The whole production, the graceful position of the figures and their expression, the natural division of light and shade, betray a correct as well as beautiful conception. The soft, delicate colors so skilfully arranged as to give to the whole an ethereal and realistic appearance again exhibit the art student of the royal academy of Munich. The technique in the arrangement of colors and design is a judicious and happy eclectic combination of

realism and idealism, avoiding the repulsive extreme of each, and mutually supplying the defective characteristics of the two tendencies. The faint outlines of Roman architecture on the background inform us where Caecilia spent the days of her earthly sojourn. On the foreground of the picture we behold the stately figure of the Saint, in life size, sitting at the organ. The left hand rests on the keyboard of the instrument, whilst her right is slightly elevated as in wondering awe and ecstasy she listens to the mellifluous strains of celestial music. A silken tunic of soft rose hue clothes her beautiful form, and a richly ornamented mantle of violet velvet, fastened to the shoulders by heavy golden bosses, falls down to the floor in natural and graceful folds. Her dark, rich hair, interwoven with roses, is partly covered by a white tulle. On her holy face is depicted her God-loving soul, and her soft eyes sparkling with the sun-bright hilarity of innocence are gazing upward, admiring the chorus of chanting angels, rep-

resented by the artist in almost ethereal forms descending in the heavenly atmosphere and supernatural light that illumines the visage of the Saint.

The sanctity and purity of the soul is mirrored in the guileless countenance. The sweet calm that smiles through her features bespeaks the peace of heart, and that indescribable yearning expression which the artist is so fond of depicting in the looks of his saints is again strikingly exhibited on the heavenly mien of St.

Caecilia.

The attentive beholder, whose soul is elevated and edified by the expression of that celestial countenance, will certainly admit that the power and moral influence which Christian artists exercise by their pictures on the minds and hearts of their fellowmen is even greater than that of eloquence, for it brings home lessons to the soul which words cannot express.

G. HEIMBURGER.

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### MY CHRISTMAS VACATION.

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Vacation,—The significance with which this word is fraught is only fully understood by those, who, after a period of concentrated effort, finally hail with delight the advent of a season free from the usual cares of life.

Especially is this true of a vacation at Christmas tide, when the very air itself is filled with joy and cheerfulness, and when good will and jovial fellowship are universal. Hence it is not surprising that the 20th of December, the day set for our departure, was a tedious and yet a joyous one; for from the time "Old Sol" showed his good natured face on that morning, until the hour of departure, it seemed to us an age. But at length it came, and after bidding farewell to our beloved professors, and our fellow students that remained in the college, we, with great exuberance of spirit, boarded our train and proceeded to make things lively until Chicago was reached. Here I was met by one of my former bosom friends, and after spending a very pleasant day with him, in viewing the wonders of the "Windy City," I proceeded to my final stopping place, Ft. Wayne. As the train approached the

city, my feelings began to bubble, as it were, here the ball-ground, there the swimming-hole, farther along my chum's home, until at last the train rolls into the depot. It was now that I experienced my greatest joy, that of being once more united with relatives and friends. The joy of being surrounded by all whom we hold dearest is ample compensation for the four month's absence from them. On Christmas and New Years days I assisted at Solemn Pontifical Mass in the Cathedral. The devotion which one naturally feels on these days, is greatly augmented by the beautiful ceremonies and costly vestments used in the celebration of the mass.

After the first few days, I began to realize that I was really and truly at home, and free to circulate among dear friends, and to renew acquaintances grown rusty with time. Every morning after we had heard mass at our respective parish churches, all the students of the city (and there is a goodly number of them) would assemble at the Library Hall, which is a magnificent structure erected by the Vicar-General of the Diocese at a cost of \$80,000; and amused ourselves with some of the



many games which may be played there, or in exchanging different anecdotes of our college life. The evenings were spent at home in receiving friends, reading, and other agreeable occupations.

But alas! The close of our vacation, Jan. 4th, put a grewsome end to our dream

of bliss, and again reminded us that it was time to return to our studies, where we may console ourselves with the thought that June is coming, and in the meantime realize that college life is after all not devoid of all pleasure.

THOS. D. TRAVIS, '99.

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## EXCHANGES.

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The labor involved in rendering the Christmas issue of the *Dial* a notable one has not been expended in vain. The rich collection of stories, incident to the season, and the bright and pleasant poems, embodying the gift of the Muses to a remarkable degree, are certainly a good criterion to judge of its labors in the past, and what may be expected in the future, while fully establishing its claim to a foremost place among Christmas editions of College papers. Its characteristics have not been lost in the endeavor to excel all former issues, but have been blended admirably well with the additional improvement. Descending to particulars, though not forgetful of its tasty arrangement, we admire the sentiments of the prize poem and the manner in which they have been expressed. "At the eleventh hour," the plot of which has been laid and developed in Russia, is descriptive of the nihilistic attempts to overthrow the government, which are attendant upon the social condition of that country. The characters are so disposed as to permit the hero to be the cynosure of attention throughout the story. The incidents are graphic and related in appropriate coloring. The remaining articles are worthy of the standard of the *Dial*.

We can assure *The St. Vincent's Journal* that from our point of view the Christ-

mas edition "is worthy of the great festival and in keeping with the progress of the press." "The Angel's Gift" is a meritorious production. While we would wish the conclusion of a "Sad Christmas" otherwise, we cannot forbear admiring the grouping of incidents, and the clever manner in which interest is developed as the story proceeds. Its pathetic tenor is well sustained and we do not hesitate to commend it as well worthy of praise. "The Sport" receives a rough and deserved treatment at the hands of a reviewer of his peculiarities. A Christmas story under the title of "A Wanderer's Return" has several points of merit which make claim upon our admiration. Remembering the success which the *Journal* has achieved in the past, we have the assurance, in the present number, that it will continue to prosper and meet the good wishes extended to others.

The January number of *Mt. St. Mary's Record* is happy in the choice of a few dainty poetical effusions. The first with a Latin title is of a religious tenor and answers the expectations which the sense of the title awakens; the second is a narrative poem and is to be commended for its development. Ruskin's Lectures are treated in an easy and instructive manner. The amount of information brought within the

compass of this single article is noteworthy. The symposium, or rather, the debate, "Would Macbeth have murdered Duncan had there been no Lady Macbeth?" is replete in proof that the impressive drama of the Bard of Avon has received attention at the hands of the debaters. The motives underlying the actions must needs be well studied and the conclusions reached evince a good conception. Of course, the question of its nature is only problematical and reminds one of Stockton's "Lady or the Tiger?"

The Christmas number of *The Radiator* has a delicately drawn frontispiece which gives a very neat appearance to the paper. The extra endeavors for the Christmas edition are evident, and consequently the former prestige is not only sustained, but even advanced somewhat. A resume of the events of national importance during the past year are lucidly written. The stories are timely, well written, and contribute greatly to the paper. Longfellow's *Hia-watha* is parodied in an amusing manner.

It is a difficult task to review the different journals and point out their beauties and defects in a pleasing way, but "Madam Agnetian," as *The Agnetian Monthly* terms itself, obviates much of the difficulty

by assuming the role of a hostess and considering the exchanges her guests. The affair is called a "Yule Tide Luncheon" and the menu is served from classical authors. The beautiful frontispiece is an exponent of the value that lies within the journal.

The pictorial edition of the *Rensselaer Pilot*, gotten out especially for the holidays, must command unqualified praise from everyone who had the pleasure of being a recipient of that number. As an exposition of the county it is complete. The sketches accompanying the photographs of the progressive men, and cuts of the prominent buildings of the county convey an adequate idea of the progress which it has achieved. The thanks of the inhabitants of Jasper county are certainly due to the energetic editor of the *Pilot*.

We also acknowledge the receipt of the following: *Notre Dame Scholastic*, *The Fordham Monthly*, *Mt. St. Joseph's Collegian*, *The Salve Regina*, *The Mountaineer*, *St. Mary's Chimes*, *The Purple*, *The Abbey Student*, *The Santa Maria*, *The St. James School Journal*, *The Young People*, *The Viatorian*, *St. Mary's Sentinel*, *Leaflets from Loretto*, *The Boston Pilot* and the *Rensselaer Republican*.



## DER GESCHEIDTE NAZL, OR SCHUSTER, BLEIB BEI DEINEM LEISTEN.

The first German play of this term was given by the Scholastics C. PP. S. on the first evening after the students had returned from their Christmas vacation.

The play is entitled "Der gescheidte Nazl." It is a comedy in three acts and well adapted to any small stage.

The following was the cast of characters:  
Meister Pech, a cobbler, . . . . . Simon  
NAZL, his apprentice . . . . . Germain

Joseph, an apprentice . . . . .	Didacus
Habenichts, a philosopher . . . . .	Arnold
Schmierhuber, a barber . . . . .	Theodore
Kibuz, a jew . . . . .	Ensebius
Steffel, a farmer . . . . .	Herman
Hafermusz, a farmer . . . . .	Ildefons
Schnappsweg, a printer . . . . .	Paschal
A priest . . . . .	Theobald
Der Teufel . . . . .	Cantus
Hoernichtauf } Litigants . . . . .	{ Cyril
Lasmchtaus } . . . . .	{ Gerhardt



Servants and lackeys were: Gabriel, Albin, Leonard, Placidus, Julian, Alexander, Roman, Faustin Lander, Conrad, Victor and Eulogius.

The play abounds in wit and humor. But, nevertheless, the moral contained in it is very wholesome. "Der geschaidte Nazl" is the principal character, and it is on him that the plot mainly depends. Nazl is an apprentice to a cobbler, but being tired of his trade he cherishes the wish to become learned and therefore associates with some would-be philosophers of the town. His talent was naturally very dull, but fancying himself to be a rare genius, he does not abandon the idea of becoming a great philosopher. While Nazl is thus revolving in his mind how he can obtain the knowledge necessary for this state, Satan appears to him and promises to give him all that is required to be learned under this condition, that our poor apprentice shall, after three years, deliver his unfortunate soul into the hands of Satan. Nazl at first hesitates but afterwards consents. From this time he lives a life of luxury. He does wonderful things. As a philosopher he solves many difficult questions with ease and correctness, and as a physician he cures all diseases, thus amazing the whole learned world. We now find him in wealth and in the society of nobles. However, he grows sadder as the time approaches that Satan is

to take possession of his soul. On the appointed day, as the minute hand of the clock pointing to twelve, tells him that his time has elapsed, he in his despair seizes a weapon to put an end to his life. Satan then comes to claim his victim, but at this very moment, co-operating with the grace which God is always willing to grant to the most miserable of sinners, Nazl sends for a priest and repents in the presence of Satan who, being disappointed, leaves the room with a roaring noise. At this very minute Nazl loses all the knowledge Satan had given him and soon after we see him again an honest apprentice to Meister Pech.

The players all deserve the highest praise for the excellent rendition of their respective parts. Special mention must be made of Students Simon and Germain for the manner in which they played their most difficult and important parts. Ensebius who played the character of the jew, fairly captivated the audience while he was on the stage. Paschal must also be congratulated upon the ease and grace with which he deported himself upon this his first appearance.

The audience showed their high appreciation of the play by the hearty applause which followed each scene.

The students promise us another play on St. Joseph's day. We hope that they will meet with the same success.



## WITH THE COLUMBIANS.

The holiday vacation seems rather to have instilled new vigor into the work of the Columbian Literary Society than to have detracted the least from the high position to which its merits had raised it during the first four months of this scholastic year. Before the students had deserted their desks for the more pleasant

occupation of Christmas-tide, the Executive Committee had arranged several programs to be rendered sometime within the first week of January. Notwithstanding the fact that the semi-annual examinations stared them in the face, those participating ably maintained the prestige of the Society.

On January 12th the following program was presented in the College Auditorium:

- Recitation,  
"The Charcoal Man".....V. Muinch.  
Recitation.  
"An Order for a Picture"....Ign. Zircher.  
Declamation.  
"America's Greatness".....L. Baker.  
Oration.  
"The Necessity of Order".....F. J. Koch.
- V                      Paper.  
"The Columbian".....Editor Vogel.
- VI                      Discourse.  
"The Silver Question".....J. F. Cogan.

The "Charcoal Man" was a very creditable effort on the part of Mr. Muinch, while Mr. Zircher, in his recitation "An Order for a picture" fairly captivated the audience. Noticeable above all the points of his effective delivery was the natural manner in which he entered into the spirit of his selection. Mr. Baker's rendition of America's Greatest was highly appreciated.

In his oration, Mr. Koch showed that he had studied his subject in all its phases, and, though the title of the piece in itself appeared to be devoid of interest, the speaker easily held the attention of his audience.

On this occasion the Editor of the *Columbian* ably sustained the growing reputation of his paper, which was replete with wit and humor.

Undoubtedly the most interesting and instructive number on the evening's program was Mr. Cogan's Discourse on the Silver Question. His treating of this subject had been anxiously looked forward to, and the enthusiasm evinced by those present proved that they greatly enjoyed his production.

The next program, rendered on Jan.

22nd, was mostly composed of serious and comic recitations and was as follows:

- I "American Flag"....B. P. Heckmann.  
II "The Puzzled Dutchman"H. Fehrenbach  
III "Regulus to the Romans"....F. Ersing.  
IV "The Frenchman's Poudare"  
.....T. McLoughlin.
- V                      Debate.
- Aff.                      Neg.
- A. Weyman.                      L. A. Eberle.  
E. Vogel.                      G. Cotter.  
B. Besinger.                      A. Riester.

The declamations, although not interspersed by music, formed a very interesting private program.

The participants in the first half of the program were mostly all new members, but their different renditions show unusual talent that is only awaiting further development.

At this program a novel and enjoyable feature was introduced. It was an extemporaneous debate on the subject as announced by the chair: "Resolved that one of the Columbians should study Law." The debaters were chosen by lot, and no further comment is necessary than a mention of their names.

At the Business Meeting held immediately after the presentation of the above program, the Sec. of the Society was instructed to acknowledge the receipt of a rare collection of old postage stamps, and extend a card of thanks for the same to Mrs. R. H. Thurston, of Chicago, Ill.

On motion, the society decided to render play "The Hidden Gem" on St. Patrick's night, Mar. 17th. The following program to be given on Washington's Birthday, Feb. 22, was announced:

- I Instrumental Music.....Band.
- II Oration of the day....J. B. Fitzpatrick.



III Vocal Selections. Columbian Quartette.  
 IV Declamation.....Gabriel Cotter.  
 V Music.....Orchestra.  
 VI Recitation.....T. P. Travis.  
 VII Vocal Solo.....E. J. Mungovan.  
 VIII Debate: Resolved, that if the European Powers continue inactive, the Gov-

ernment of the United States would be justified in interfering in Armenia.

Affirm.

Neg.

T. M. Conroy.

J. F. Cogan.

A. Weyman.....G. Hartjens.

IX "*Columbian*".....Editor

x Finale.....Band

## ORDER AND ITS NECESSITY.

"Not enjoyment and not sorrow,  
 Is our destined end or way;  
 But to act, that each to-morrow  
 Find us farther than to-day."

In pursuit of their avocations some persons experience disappointments while striving to attain their end. Their efforts are thwarted in many things, even by the interposition of superiors. As a consequence many, especially students, look upon authority as being contrary to human interests. That order, the effect of the proper exercise of authority, is a far reaching and salutary principle can be proved, and by its application "each to-morrow," as the poet says, "will find us farther than to-day."

What then is order? Does it mean the most convenient, the most pleasing, or the most advantageous way of performing our actions? It may and may not mean this; all depends on the end sought. Order may be defined as any regular arrangement, any methodical or established succession by which some specified end may be attained.

Having defined my subject, I will attempt to enter into some of its details. If a person takes a ramble over hills and valleys, fields and forests, his thoughts are occupied with the many things he observes about himself: especially is this true when nature is awaking from her sleep. But go whenever or wherever he may, his attention is attracted by the objective world. He observes how the trees

are formed in a variety of regular as well as odd shapes. Yet, in this variety he sees order; he sees that their shapes are admirably adapted for a purpose. Just so he detects other similar characteristics. Take the oak for an example. No matter how large or how small different trees of this class may be: such properties as bark, sap, substance, leaves and seeds are common to all. The same can be asserted of all other classes of plants. What has been said of the vegetable kingdom is true of all other works of creation. Let a person make some observations in the higher regions, or contemplate those made by competent persons. Does he not by so doing become convinced that the myriads of heavenly bodies perform their journeys with such a regularity and precision as to confound his understanding? Many other examples can be cited. The conclusion must be that Order Is A Universal Law.

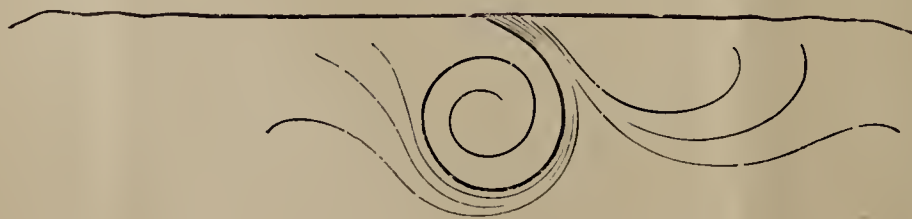
There is a great difference between knowing the existence of something and knowing the propriety, the utility, or the necessity of such. It is a fact that *order* is a *law*, but why it is thus is an entirely different question. A few thoughts should, therefore, be given to the effects of this law whenever it is observed and whenever it is transgressed. A scientific operation will serve as an example. The workmen of a particular quarry do their work by means of dynamite. They use

a thousand pounds of it daily. If they apply it scientifically, they can do wonders; whereas, if the explosive is applied by ignorant or careless persons, the result will be untold horrors and losses. The same reason which accounts for such a mismanagement is the key to the cause of the countless numbers of disasters which occur day after day. The daily papers bear ample testimony to this fact. Some are crushed to death because a railroad employe has culpably failed to do his duty. Others are devoured by the cruel flames which envelop an immense establishment; and all this because some one has forsaken a responsible post. I admit that such disasters may unavoidably occur, but if there were only the unavoidable cases, their number would be insignificant. As another instance of the necessity of order let family life be considered. The members of a well regulated family get along in unity and harmony; they are successful, prosperous and happy. But the opposite is true of an ill-regulated one as is confirmed by its baneful results. The same difference is found in all institutional life where there is order or disorder. Every county, state, or nation must have officials to attend the common interests of its constituents. If these functionaries are faithless in the discharge of their all-important duties, they become traitors; they will in a short time undo all that had required a century to be made grand and great. On the other hand, if these public servants are guided by honest principles, we have every reason to hope that "domestic tranquility will be

insured, the general welfare promoted, justice established, and the blessings of liberty secured." It follows, that when the wholesome laws of a country are set aside, such a country is the scene of internal dissensions, strikes, riots, anarchy and final disruption.

To further show the necessity of order, it might be asked why it was that the noted three hundred Spartans were able to prevent from crossing the Pass of Thermopylae a Persian army so numerous as to require seven days to cross the Hellespont; why it was that the Chinese, about a year ago, in spite of their immense resources, in spite of their almost countless numbers were conquered by the comparatively insignificant but skilled numbers of the Japanese. Lastly, allusion must be made to an institution remarkable for its systematic organization; an institution which on account of its inherent law and order has for nineteen centuries successfully baffled the efforts of conspirators, warriors, statesmen, and all powers striving for its destruction. Hence the grandest and most perfect model of law and order is our Holy Mother, the Catholic Church. It has been my endeavor to show both that order is a law and that without its observance this world would soon come to an end. Yet, this great law is not only temporal, but eternal; and he who would be happy in the world to come must thoroughly familiarize himself with this principle and its application here below, in order to enjoy its benefits hereafter; for "Order is Heaven's First Law."

F. J. KOCH.





### St. Boniface Literary Society.

The necessity of a German society adapted to the requirements of the students of the College who are learning the German language has been long felt, but no decisive steps were taken to form such society until the beginning of this year. Immediately upon returning from their vacation the question of its formation was discussed by the Secular, or "North Side" study hall students, and a numerous signed petition asking the permission and assistance of the faculty met with its hearty approval. Thus encouraged the petitioners assembled and took the preliminary steps towards forming a permanent organization. Mr. Eberle was made temporary president and Mr. Zircher, temporary secretary. Messrs Koch, Vogel, Betsner and Cogan were chosen a committee to act with the Spiritual Director in drafting a constitution. Father Clement was chosen as Spiritual Director.

The committee immediately went to work, and now have the constitution completed. The constitution provides for weekly meetings and makes it obligatory upon all members to use the German language exclusively not only during meetings but also when the members or any number of them are in the society room. It is the intention to have the society's room supplied with the leading German newspapers and periodicals, while several of the Professors and students have signified their willingness to donate to the society many German books which will form the nucleus of what is fondly hoped will soon be a respectable German library. Each member is required to pay an initiation fee of fifty cents and a term fee of twenty-five cents. From this fund the society room will be beautified and additions made to the library.

This society starts out under the most

favorable auspices. It cannot but prove beneficial to all its members especially the English speaking students of German. If the spirit of its founders is adhered to, its success is assured, as it has a clear and well defined field of labor before it, which does not in the least collide with any existing college organization. St. Boniface literary society we say to you:

"Moegest Du deine Zweige ausbreiten  
Und durch Gottes Segen gedeihen."

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### Thoughts on Humility.

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Humility is Christ's command,

A narrow gate-way for our souls  
To enter into Heaven's land  
And sip sweet love from nectared bowls.

However grand our station be,

Though marble tomb-stones mark our  
Earth's poor in Heaven's eternity [grave,  
Will be our brothers tried and brave.

And when our souls have flown away

To live and rest among the just,  
Our lifeless bodies shall decay,  
But *souls* shall *never* turn to dust.

Then why serve animated clay,

And on our minds its love engrave?  
'Tis but the soul's own servant; pray  
Shall we still be the servant's slave?

JAS. B. FITZPATRICK.

### Personals.

The Rev. M. Zumbuelte of Hanover Center, Ind., was at the College on the 5th to pay a visit to his many friends and incidentally to be present for the play, given by the Students C. P. P. S. on that evening.

The Rev. G. Zern, assistant pastor at St. Mary's Church, Michigan City, paid his initial visit to St. Joseph's shortly after the close of the holidays. Father Zern has many friends here, not only among the Rev. Faculty, but also among the students, quite a number of whom hail from his home; all join in bidding him come soon again and as frequently as his duties will permit.

Mrs. Thurston of Chicago, Ill., was our guest on the 8th, accompanying her nephew, Master Geo. Jeffrey from his Xmas vacation.

The Rev. John Blum made a pleasant call on us early in the month. He is at present holding temporary charge of the congregation at Reynolds, left vacant for the time by the illness of its regular pastor, Father Schramm.

Mr. Frank Schloer of Hammond, Ind., one of our students in the commercial course last year, was with us again on Sunday the 15th inst. Frank is still holding his position in one of the largest banking firms at his home and has been promised a promotion to a higher clerkship in the near future. The COLLEGIAN extends its congratulations to him upon his success, resulting in a great measure, no doubt, from his studious application while at college.

Father John Berg of Remington made a pleasant call on us this month, driving over as usual in his buggy.

Mr. J. Smith of Elwood, Ind., is the latest addition to the roll of students. He intends taking up the commercial course at the beginning of the new term.

Mrs. E. P. Hammond of LaFayette, Ind.,

called on us recently while on a visit to her old home in Rensselaer. The many acts of kindness we have received at her hands, have given us reason to consider her one of our best friends, and her coming will always be welcomed.

The vacation occasioned to the Faculty through the students' retreat was the means of drawing a goodly number of visitors to the College this last week. Besides Father Weichman who conducted the retreat, we had the pleasure of welcoming many of the neighboring clergy, among others, Father Plaster of Hammond and his assistant, Father Shay; Father Oechtering of Mishawaka, and Father Berg of Remington.

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### Locals

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Perhaps one of the most gratifying things connected with the parliamentary law and civil government classes of the C. L. S., is the increasing interest taken in them by the members of the Faculty. Since the beginning of January, Fathers Benedict, Stanislaus, Mark, and Maximilian have favored the meetings by their presence, and all express great pleasure at the rapid progress being made, and a high estimation of the advantages afforded by the course of lessons.

The Columbians have received two notable additions to their museum during the past month: A piece of marble from the Catacombs at Rome, presented by Father Bleckman, of Michigan City; and a rare collection of postage stamps, the gift of Mrs. Thornton of Chicago. The thanks of the Society are due to both persons for their interesting and valuable remembrances.

The unsettled condition of the weather, and several cases of the grip in a mild form, have kept most of the beds in the infirmary filled since Christmas, and Brother Victor has had his hands full preparing that great panacea, his celebrated tea, for his different



patients. Only one case—that of a student who became sick while at home during the holidays—required the attention of an outside physician. Most of the others speedily grew well again under the “tea treatment,” and the end of the examinations effected a wholesale exodus of the few whose cases had baffled the skill of the good brother, and remained unaffected by his potent decoctions.

The semi-annual examinations are over, and there is a universal relief felt not only by the students, but by the Faculty as well, that the harassing but necessary work and routine connected with it, is at last off their hands, and not to occur again until June. The examination commenced on Thursday the 23rd, but though the Faculty had resolved themselves into two divisions, yet it was Monday noon before the last classes had been heard. As a whole, the results were very satisfactory, and the Rev. Professors express themselves as well pleased with the classes which they reviewed. As might be expected, however, individual cases of neglected studies were brought to light; while every student was enabled to discover his own shortcomings and thus be prepared to overcome them during the opening term.

I see you're back—from a trip over the Mon-on route.

“Skinney” said, “I like to dream that I am a hero.”

Tom says, “Eddie talks like a monkey.” We think he meant to say a parrot.

Ignatius wants to know why everybody laughed when he said, “Horse necked collar.”

Oftener than the waking sounds  
     Trouble Jack the “Sleeper,”  
 Does his task of making rounds,  
     Worry Jack the “Peeper?”

On Wednesday the 15th and Monday the 27th the students enjoyed an afternoon on the glassy surface of the winding Iroquois. Those not inclined to join in the sport con-

tented themselves with a walk.

The students feel very grateful to Father Stanislaus for his kindness in inviting them to the play entitled, “Tony, the Convict,” given by the members of the S. L. S. in the opera house at Rensselaer on Dec. 30th. They all declare that the rendition was excellent and would have done credit to professionals.

The rainy weather spoiled many plans of the students who remained at the College during the Christmas vacation. Nevertheless they enjoyed themselves as well as could be expected under the circumstances by either playing some games in the recreation room, or by rolling the balls in the nine pin alley.

The students of the south side study-hall wish to thank their Spiritual Director, Father Benedict, for the frequent permissions granted them to visit the Iroquois during the skating season.

Jan. 31st being the last day of the first session of the scholastic year and the last for three of our commercial students at college, an impromptu entertainment was arranged and rendered in the evening in the college auditorium. The exercises, as usual, were under the auspices of the *colored* people of Collegeville and consisted of comic recitations and an extemporaneous debate. The musical selections were rendered by the college band.

The familiar little machine, commonly styled the “Lung tester” has been introduced into the college. One has only to blow into the little tube attached and the machine does the rest. Many of the college patriarchs have been led into the baneful habit of powdering themselves and consequently had to be prevailed upon not to test their lungs again.

Following the examinations came the students' annual retreat which is generally held, as it was this year, during the interim of the

two terms. It commenced on Monday evening the 27th and closed on Friday morning following. Father Weichman of Gas City, Ind., who acted as retreat master last year, again conducted the exercises; and it would be hard to say where a better one than he could have been found. Although at the disadvantage of having to address an audience on subjects necessarily identical or closely related to those on which he spoke last year, yet he succeeded so admirably in presenting those topics in some other of their phases that, as some one expressed it afterwards, the conferences and meditations were "entirely new." The happy manner of delivery was the only thing that served as a reminder of the former retreat. It was no difficulty to follow the Rev. Father in his discourses, clothed, as they were, in such beautiful words and heightened by an occasional display of wit and humor; nor can we hesitate in predicting their salutary effects upon the students. His idea of a young man is truly an ideal one and embraces all that is high-minded and courageous, as well as religious, in youth; and no doubt an increased roll of honor next month will show some of the practical effects of his words, and make it plain that the boys have adopted his ideals as their's too. As the editorials are already in the printer's hands, the local editors take this opportunity of expressing here the thanks of all the students, and the gratitude they feel towards Father Wiechman for his labors in their behalf.

### ROLL OF HONOR.

J. Abel, G. Aug, J. Betsner, W. Brinkman, J. Boeke, E. Byrne, J. Cogan, T. Conroy, J. Connelly, P. Cosgrove, C. Didier, M. Duffy, L. Eberle, J. Engesser, J. B. Fitzpatrick, C. Frey, W. Hordeman, B. Heckmann, F. Hurst, C. Klaas, F. Koch, E. Koenig, J. Kolme, H. Kalvelage, F. Kuenle, E. Ley, E. Mungovan, E. Misch, T. McLough-

lin, A. Riester, A. Roth, H. Reichert, W. Sullivan, F. Seroczynski, J. Steinbruner, M. Shay, F. Schulien, J. Smith, T. Travis, C. Vanvlandren, E. Vogel, J. Wechter, J. Wakefer, I. Zircher.

### Sprays of '95.

Time's ever-moving cycle now  
Has made another turn;  
King Ninety-Five just made his bow  
From him what shall we learn?

We saw him when he entered first,  
How in his pride he grew;  
Of fleeting time, the best and worst.  
He is a mirror true.

His lamp of life was burning low,  
When Ninety-Six, unknown,  
Dressed like his friend—but his armed foe  
Succeeded to the throne.

Great scientists we need not be  
Nor versed in Plato's laws,  
Herein life's picture plain to see,  
And note its direful cause.

JAS. B. FITZPATRICK.

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